

ADDRESS  
TO THE  
BARBERS IN OXFORD

1749

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A N  
A D D R E S S

To the Worshipful Company of  
BARBERS in OXFORD;

Occasioned by

A late Infamous LIBEL, intituled,

The *Barber and Fireworks,*

A F A B L E,

Highly reflecting on one of the

Honourable M E M B E R S.

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By a B A R B E R.

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*With Lies thou cuttest as with a sharp Razor.* PSALM liii. Ver. 3.

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OXFORD, Printed in the Year MDCCXLIX.

18

A D D E S S

To the Honorable M. F. Davis

BARBERS H O U S E

Barbers

Barbers

The Barber



A D D E S S

Barbers

Honorable M. F. Davis

Barbers

Barbers



AN  
ADDRESS  
TO THE  
Worshipful Company of BARBERS  
in OXFORD, &c.

WHAT, shall a saucy rhyming Dunce,  
Sirs,

Insult the noble Name of *Tonsors*?

Where, where's your Spirit? None reply?

Fie, ARN--LD, H--LM--N, K--RBY, fie.

Ah, what avails the mighty Knowledge

You've gain'd by shaving of a College;

If, when a Scribbler dares to mock,

You'll not revenge a Brother Block?

B

Well,



## 4      *An* ADDRESS, &c.

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Well, I'll attempt it, tho' to Rhyme  
I ne'er try'd since I serv'd my Time.  
I'll teach the Fellow how to joke---  
But hold---What God must I invoke?---  
APOLLO? No; for, as I've heard,  
APOLLO never had a Beard.

Whoe'er thou art, then lend thine Aid,  
Thou Patron of the shaving Trade,  
Whose deathless Hand in Heav'n above  
Trims the grey Pate of Father JOVE.  
Let Wit in ev'ry Line be seen,  
Bright as the Razor and as keen:  
Smooth let them run as Oil, or rather  
As soapy, slippery, frothy Lather.

WHY



WHY would'st thou, pert officious Dribbler,  
Leave *Wrangling* to commence a Scribbler?  
To seek hard Terms in *Greek* or *Latin*,  
Then vex your Brains to bring them pat in?  
Of *Vertic* talk and *Pyrotechny*,  
And *Conniseurs*,—enough to sicken ye?  
But tell me, Scribbler, if thou'rt able,  
Why is thy Libel call'd a *Fable*?—  
A *Fable*!—shall I tell thee why?—  
Because we know 'tis all—a LIE.

Better in Pulpit take Occasion  
To rail at Mayor and Corporation;  
Better with vile Abuse to fall  
On little JOE, Vice-Principal;

C

Better



## 6      *An* ADDRESS, &c.

Better at B\*\*\*\*\* waste your Time,  
And there in amorous Sonnets rhyme ;  
Or, lodg'd in solitary Garret,  
Better write paultry *Odes* for B--RR--T.

But if your Spleen must needs have vent,  
Why all on LAWRY H--RN--R spent ?  
Why ST--ART, or why BR--CKL--ND spar'd ?  
For they the Engineering shar'd.  
Why at the *Tonsor* levell'd solely ?  
Why none at Brother *Bibliopola* ?  
Ah, thou hadst never dar'd to sneer  
At STE, facetious Auctioneer ;  
For STE's the archest *Wag* in Town,  
And punning P--RK--R he'll outpun.

Behold



Behold each *Barber*, how expert,  
How spruce, how witty, and alert !  
With what an easy Grace they shave !  
Their Hair how jauntily they weave !  
From lofty W--SE with tragick Pace,  
Down to SIR BAS with fiery Face.

Search ev'ry Trade, you'll no where find  
Artists so useful to Mankind ;  
So knowing in their several Stations,  
So various in their Occupations.

*Bass* CL--M--NTS, tho' a dextrous Shaver,  
Is still more dextrous at a Quaver.

Hark, the loud Anthem when he sings,  
The ecchoing Choir harmonious rings ;

And



And happy TR--N--TY can tell,  
How great his Worth as *Manciple*.

To M--GD--L--N HALL, illustrious Domus,  
K--NE serves as *Tonsor* and as *Promus*;  
Great H--RN--R too with equal Fame  
At EX--T--R performs the same.  
That very Hand, which mows their Heads,  
Deals out their Butter and their Bread.

To painted Peruke and long Pole  
Jo. F--WL--R joins a gilded Scroll,  
Whose Lines declare, his House is handy  
For Coffee, Chocolate, Wine, Rum, Brandy.  
And *Scholars* say, he's not a worse Man  
Than F--RTN--M, or the smart JAMES H--RSM--N.

But



To broach a Vein of N-RSE what Need?  
We Barbers can as nicely bleed  
Yield, 'Pothecaries, Surgeons, yield,  
Let W-BB the pointed Launcet wield;  
Unequal'd W-BB, whom all agree  
T' excel—in Nets and Poetry.  
Oh, could my Muse sublimely soar,  
Like thine, which thus adorns thy Door,

“ A Superflu<sup>s</sup> Hollow Stump or tooth

“ is displace'd Here to y<sup>e</sup> truth”

Then should she live to endless Time,  
And future Barbers blest my Rhyme.

D

Yet



10      *An* ADDRESS, &c.

Yet these great Arts, confin'd to one,  
Are center'd not in W--BB alone :  
Sage P--TT--R too from aching Jaw  
Teeth rotten with a Touch can draw ;—  
Sage P--TT--R, on whose *azure* Sign  
See *golden* OPERATOR shine ;  
Where erst, in Capitals confest  
(So Fame reports) stood OCULIST.

BUT hold—let C--XH--D share my Praise,  
Whose potent Liquor swells my Lays.  
Ungrateful Muse ! now Ill beshrew her,  
Should she forget our famous Brewer ;  
They'd think, that I, poor Poet, ne'er  
Had *tasted* C--XH--D's fine OLD BEER.

To



To tell each Barber's Merit, I  
Should set down all our Company.  
Why then would'st thou at *Tonsors* rail,  
Vile Scribbler, with malicious Tale?  
Thy Caxen sure is old and rusty,  
And for a new one they'll not trust thee.

Now learn, and dread thy fatal Doom:  
When next rejoicing Night shall come,  
Thy *Fable* shall a Rocket bind,  
Or round a mazy Serpent wind.  
Spite of its natural Gravity,  
Thy Nonsense then shall mounting fly,  
Hiss, bounce, crack, fire, smoke, stink, and dye.



BUT thou, great H--RN--R, never fear  
An empty Scribbler's envious Sneer.  
What Hand, like thine, so lightly shaves;  
Like thine, the various Peruke weaves;  
The spruce curl'd Bob for sprightly Beau,  
Or solemn Doctor's learned Flow.  
E'en BAYL-S must his *Browns* resign,  
And K--RBY's *Grizzles* yield to thine.

F. I. N. I. S.











